A Love Forgotten

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Summary: My version of Somnabulist, and my own character is introduced. There's a little romance and a little bit of angst (or what I think it is). Please read and send me feedback :^)

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Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters from the Television show "Angel" or any (if mentioned) on "Buffy the Vampire Slayer". These characters belong to Joss Wheadon and or David Greenwalt. The only character that belongs to me is Zoey. So, you know, don't sue me for the fact that I have no money.

Things you should know before reading: This is my version of Somnambulist on the show Angel. I have also added the character Zoey to the Angel's group of whatever he calls them (Angel's employees, Angel's posse, Angel-erettes, etc..etc..) And for the sanity of the readers, Zoey is Angel's younger sister (it's not as corny as it sounds-I swear), who is also a vampire with a soul after Spike and Dru cast a spell on her. Before she became a vamp, she was an immortal (curtesey of the Watcher's Council) when they found that she was a sort of 'half-Slayer'. And...I think that's it about Zoey-and oh! Um, Zoey was born three years after Angel, so she looks 14 (I like to think that Angel is 17) and is terribly rich- so she has a silver Porsche convertible, and buys Gucci, Faragamo and stuff, and for your info she doesn't 'use' her soul-so she likes to eat people quite frequently :^). And as for physical appearance: Zoey's about 5'4 straight black hair, and little resemblance to Angel (they're brother and sister, what do you expect?). And I have also traded Wesley for Doyle, cuz I think Doyle should have never died and should have been in this episode.

A Love Forgotten

I rode down the noisy elevator to Angel's lair. It was actually an apartment-but the way he decorated it, it looked similar to the bat cave.

"Hello?" I said once stepping off the elevator platform. "We're in here." I heard the other Irish voice of Doyle yell.

"You know," I said taking my time walking into Angel's bedroom, " Sometimes, I just think, 'God! L.A is just so much better than Sunnydale.' I mean when I'm in Sunnydale, I always feel that I have to watch my back. That one night I'll be eating, and then 'poof!' Buffy will stake me, and before she says'Ohmigod it's Zoey' I'll be a pile of soot on her shoes. But, here I can-"

I stopped once I got into Angel's bedroom. Angel was there, lying on his back on his bed, as Doyle and Cordelia tied him to the posts. "Tie my brother to the bed." I said slowly, finishing my sentence. "Wh-why are we tying my brother to the bed?" "He's evil." Cordelia said simply. "Then why didn't you stake him?" I asked. "Well, he's not totally evil." Cordy started. "It seems that Angelus hasn't totally subsided." Doyle finished. I looked at Angel, lost in confusion. And he nodded. Cordelia finished with the last shackle, looked up with pride and said," I have to get going, I have a date in an hour." She then looked at Angel,"Pleasnt-oh,I mean sleep tight."

"I will." Angel answered looking at the four handcuffs that now held him.

Cordelia left, almost skipping with delight that she wouldn't have to sit and watch Angel. On the other hand," Looks like it's just you and me on guard duty." Doyle smiled.

Angel quickly fell asleep and was now decorated with an array of pillows, due to the sound of him snoring, (you'd think with a person who can't breath). Doyle and I sat on the couch as Doyle explained how Angel is like one of those, sleep-walking-murders that you always see stories about on 20/20. I sat on the couch for countless hours watching the 700 club and info mercials about some soap that uses the power of oxygen to clean away dirt and scum. I looked at Doyle from time to time (who asleep), and with each passing hour, the small drip of saliva seem to inch it's way down his chin. At 3:00 am the urge to sleep had gotten the best of me, and my eyes closed to rest.

I awoke with a start, realizing that I had fallen asleep. I grabbed the still asleep Doyle's arm and looked at his watch, 8:34am. Momentarily, Doyle woke up, and we both walked over to Angel, still held to his bed.

"Well," Doyle said, "Looks like you're not the murderer." Angel's eyes shot open and sweat poured down his face, as he said, "No, I am the murderer."

Angel paced neverously around the room as Cordelia, Doyle and I watched him go back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, and back and forth. "I should have known." Angel said angerily, breaking the silence. " Should have known what?" Cordelia asked," You know, the only way that you're going to feel better is if you tell us the truth." "What are you dating?" Doyle asked her in a shrill voice," A shrink?" "Actuly, I am." Cordy said matter-of-factly. "It's Penn." Angel said quickly, breaking up the small feud. "Penn? Who's Penn?" Doyle asked confused. I thought for a moment, "Penn? Penn as in Galway Penn?" Angel nodded. "But, but Penn's dead." I stuttered. "No he's not." Angel explained," I sired

him." I jumped from my seat and grabbed Angel by his leather coat. "You're the one who killed Penn?" Angel looked at the ground and broodingly,"Yeah." When he looked back up, I took a step back and backhanded him hard across the cheek. Angel looked back at me in vamp-mode astonished at what I had done, but I was far from done. "You killed Penn?!" I yelled enraged, "You bastard! I thought he died from the plague. But no. You had to kill our parents, all of our cousins, grandparents, and you also had to kill my boyfriend!" "You dated a guy named Penn?" Cordelia asked wrinkling up her nose in disgust. Then Doyle took action, he stood up from his seat and comfortlying put his hands on my arms," I don't think this is the time and place to have an episode of 'I know what you did last century.'"

Angel had Doyle draw a picture of Penn, since Doyle was probably the least artisticly challenged than the rest of us and then sent it to detective Kate, with her working on the case and all. And after that, Angel told me the story of Penn's well, afterlife. How he and Angelus were feared by Europe as they killed the people, blah, blah, blah, blah.

"I taught him my ways to mock god. And he learned efficiently." Angel went on. "He killed his sister, his parents, and then his.....brother." Angel stopped, and his eyes went wide. "What's wrong?" I sighed, leaning back in the couch.

"He's doing it all over again, stay here." Angel then called Doyle and they both left the apartment.

I sat there for a moment alone,stunned.Things were just happening too fast, the past,present,and future were all one big knot in my head.Cordy entered the room with one of those boxes of Snack Wells chocolate covered graham crackers. "Hey," She said looking around," Where did Doyle and-" Cordelia bent over in blinding pain and grabbed her head. Suddenly she stopped, and came back up looking dizzy. "Well..." I said. "I need a martini." She said, still holding her head. "I meant the vision." "Oh, it was an abandon building, with a guy with blond hair in it-I think it might have been Penn. And there was an address. Um..I think it was Green street avanue,behind a crappy liquor store."

"Thanks," I said pulling on my leather coat and running out the door, leaving Cordy alone with her graham crackers.

I stood in one of the large broken out windows of an abandon building, bathing in the eerie moonlight of the full moon. As I looked at the moon's shadows, the image of the werewolf from Sunnydale flashed through my mind...what was his name again? Oh yeah-Oz. I looked below and saw Angel and Doyle crouched behind a few crates. I sighed, and battled weather it was a real premonition-or if Cordelia just wanted me out of the house.

Then a small kid who resembled Leonardo Dicaprio, and a larger figure walked into the alley below, the larger figure I instantly recognized as Penn. And if my heart had still been beating I'm sure that it would have skipped a beat.

Penn had cut his blonde hair much similar to Angel's and wore black pants, a red long sleeved shirt and a black jacket- better than anything I've seen Angel wear before.

"So, where's the discount liquor store?" The kid asked.

"Right here." Penn answered sinking his teeth into the kid's neck.

He stood there, feeding on the kid, then from my height, I saw two cop cars turn and enter the alley. Their head lights blinded Penn as he looked up from the kid, and he had a deer-in-head-lights look on his face as Detective Kate ran out from her car and pointed her gun at him. "Freeze!" Kate yelled.

Penn snarled and covered his game face with his hand as he turned to face the building I was standing three stories up in. I stepped into the shadows as Penn jumped straight up the wall of the building and landed in a window on the floor above me.

About five minuets later, the sound of footsteps came down the stairs. And I backed up a little more and soon blended in with the shadows. As Penn came down, he stopped and grew silent. Then laughed, "I know you're here, come out, before I have to come to you." I slowly stepped out of the darkness, "Do you still remember me, Penn?" Penn tried to get a good look at me, but half of me was still subdued to the darkness. "Who are you?" He asked, very curious. The shadows seemed to finally let go of me, and retreat back to the dark corners of the condemned building. I smiled, all the fond memories of Penn flowing through my mind,"Well, I don't blame you. It's been 250 years-give or take a few. And...I had longer hair" I said, picking up a few strands of hair, and examining their ends. Penn, thought for a moment, I could see the wheels in his head turning. Then he returned my smile,"Zoey?! Is that you?" I nodded as he came closer towards me.

"But Angelus said that he killed his whole family. And he didn't rise any of them."

"I like to think of myself as the one that got away."

"Well, I now know why Angelus didn't like to talk about his sister."

I smiled again, not even Angel could ruin this little reunion.

Then Penn frowned, "But what happened?"

"I fled to England and was imortalized, then this past year I was sired. That's the quickest explanation." Penn ran his fingers through my hair, and held my face in his hand." Zoey, I've thought about you everday. What our lives could've turned out, and now we can be together again, forever." My eyes grew soft,"Really? You thought about me everyday?"

"No. But, I have thought about you, a lot."

That was the Penn I always knew, always sweet and honest.

"But you weren't lying about that being together part. Right?"

"Of course not. We can travel the world together, and feed on as many lives as we want." Penn explained.

The plan sounded like heaven to me. Instead of going back and forth from L.A to Sunnydale,I could go to new places. Without having to worry about Buffy accidentally staking me-and mostly no more of Angel's 'you-just-can't-go-around-killing-people' speech.

I opened my mouth to answer but Detective Kate ran out, from her hiding place-and fired her gun three consecutive times, each bullet placing itself somewhere in Penn's stomach. "No!" I screamed, as it echoed through the hollow house.

Penn crouched over, and then stood back up, with three bloody bullets in his hand. And that's when I remembered something Angel had said that Darla had told him;' bullets can't kill a vampire, just hurts 'em like hell'.

Kate looked up from her gun and saw Penn walking angrily towards her," What the hell...." I heard her mutter.

Penn picked her up, and threw her across the room and into a corner. Penn looked at me, and said, "How about a drink to celebrate our reunion." Then his face contorted, and Kate gave out a blood-curdling scream. I couldn't help it, I felt my fangs over lap my bottom lip, and for a second time Kate screamed.

Penn walked over to her and I stopped him,"No, we can't."

He looked at me funny, "Why?"

"Kate's kinda a friend of the family. If we eat her, it'll just seem wrong and just think what Angel would do."

Penn came back to me, his vampire features softened to the degree that vampire features could soften. He then put a finger on my lips, "Say no more. We'll spare, the clueless cop. But, just out of curiosity, what would Angelus do?"

Right after that line, Angel came crashing through the roof, Penn and I stepped aside, and Angel was now between us.

Angel looked at me, clearly pissed."Zoey?" He asked, "What are you doing here?"

"That's none of your business." I huffed.

We both then turned to look at Penn, whose eyes were wide with joy, "Angelus?!" He said almost speech less. "We were supposed to meet in Italy, remember? Well, I waited, hell, I waited till the 19th century, what happened?" Penn added.

"I got held up in Romania." Angel answered grimly.

"What's in Romania?" Penn asked frowning.

"Gypsies."

"Oh, well, why did you come here? To L.A?" Angel's face went vampy as he said, "To kill you."

I looked over at Kate, who backed up even farther against the wall.

Penn seemed unaffected by Angel's statement,"Well, will you join me in a drink?" He asked, gestering towards the detective.

"Thanks, but no thanks." Angel said.

"What's with you?" Asked Penn," You've been living with their kind too much, havn't you?" "Sort of." Angel said. And then they both went into battle mode, punching and kicking each other.

As soon as it had begun, it ended. With Penn coming out as the winner, with his arms clamped down on Angels hands behind his back making Angel unable to move.

"Stop it!" I yelled.

The two vampires turned and looked at me.

"Penn, please let him go." I sighed.

"Zoey, he has a soul. He's gone all soft." Penn answered.

Angel struggled, and Penn tightened his grip, causing Angel to hiss.

"Penn, believe me. You don't want to get in Angel's way- just...let him go."

Penn just stared at me, and tightened his grip.

I, on the other hand, closed my eyes and concentrated. When I opened them up again, I swung my hand in a perfect backhand in the air. And an invisible force punched Penn straight in the face. Penn lost his balance, and Angel went flying from his grip.

When Penn got back up, he rushed to my side.

"Zoey, you didn't really mean it did you?" He asked me.

I shook my head,"No, I'm so sorry."

He leaned close to my ear, and whispered into it,"Good, meet me in the sewers under the L.A.P.D.At 10 in the morning. I'll have a surprise for you."

Penn then kissed my forehead, and said quietly "I'll be waiting."

And then he ran, jumped out the window and into the night.

There were mobs of cops wandering around the new crime scene-the abandon building. Angel and I stood together as Detective Kate looked nervously at us.

"One question." She said, "What the hell are you?"

"I think you know the answer to that now, Kate." Angel said.

"Well, tell me this." Kate said quietly, "If I shoot you two, will

you get up?" "That's not important now. "Angel said, "What is important is this: we need to kill this guy."

My eyes filled with hurt.

"Well, if I can't shoot this guy. How am I going to kill him? " Kate asked.

"This is how." Angel said," crosses, decapatation, or a stake to the heart."

"Are you saying that this guy's a vampire? Vampires don't exsist, they're fairy tales."

Angel leaned close to Kate's face, "Then there are some things in this world that you're just not ready to face."

Angel then grabbed the cross necklace that lay on Kate's chest, and held it in his hand. There was a sound of burning flesh, and smoke rose from Angel's fist. Then finnaly, Angel let go, and we both left the building.

"We can't kill him!" I yelled at Angel.

"Zoey, you're going to have to leave your feelings behind and face the truth. Penn is a cold blooded killer, not the person you knew in Galway, two hundred years ago." Angel said harshly.

"And how would you know? You've never been in this position before. You've always been in Penn's position. How did you think Buffy felt? And she didn't kill you."

"We can't change him, or send him to Hell. Our only choice is to kill him."

"You don't get it do you? Ever since you killed Penn, I've been lonly, filled with grief and dread. I had to make fun of the Brittish, to make myself feel good. And that should tell you that I am as insecure as hell. And now that Penn's here again, it feels just so wonderful to be around him-and you're just going to take that away from me?"

Angel looked as if he'd been slapped in the head with a bag of bricks," You know that I wouldn't want to do anything to harm you, but I have to do what's right."

" Yeah, Mr. I've got a soul guy. You always have to do the right thing don't you? Haven't you figured out that the world isn't like that? The good guys never win, why do you think I'm the vamp I am today? I've had enough of being a goodie-two shoes!"

Angel leaned down to me, " Just because you don't care about the sins you've committed, doesn't mean I don't. I have killed so...many lives that could have been prosperous. And I have to stop the demons that were just like me."

With that, Angel walked into the elevator in his apartment and rode it up into the office.

" God I hate souls. Especially mine." I said to myself as I walked

out of Angel's apartment and onto the streets of L.A., now hunting for a human meal.

I woke up at 9:30,and quickly made my way down to the sewers. I followed the twists and bends, until I made it to a huge clearing-aka directly under the LAPD.

"Penn?" I called out.

The figure of Penn came running towards me.

"Zoey, you came." He said to me as he kissed me on my forehead once more.

"Well, where's the surprise?" I asked him.

"Over here." He motioned, and I followed.

And on a wall slant, was Kate, hands tied, and a gag in her mouth.

"I thought we weren't going to eat her." I sighed.

"She was going to the press about her encounter with vampires." He explained.

I then heard a whizzing noise, and a bolt whizzed past my ear, and dug into Penn's shoulder. "Damn." Came a voice behind me.

I turned to see, who else, but Angel.

"You followed me here?!" I yelled.

Angel ignored me and went sailing towards Penn-and knocked him over. And once again they were engaged in combat. Then they paused glaring at each other, "You know, it's sad to do all this killing-just to get back at your father." Angel said.

Penn rushed at Angel, there was brief combat, then Penn was sitting on Angel's back," You're wrong Angelus," Penn said," You're my father, you're the one who made me. And taught me more than my mortal father could ever have."

Then somehow Kate had found a way to untie the ropes, and she grabbed a large piece of driftwood. At the same time, Penn stood up with his arm around Angel's neck. And Kate took the driftwood, and stuck it through Angel's torso, then angled it up to Penn's heart. Once it made contact with the unbeating organ-Penn turned to dust.

My mouth hung open in disbelief.

Kate's mouth was also open with disbelief, but not because of Penn, but because of the piece of wood sticking out of both sides of Angel, making him look like a shish-cabob.

"OH MY GOD!" I screamed.

Angel pulled the wood out and rushed over to me,"Zoey, I'm sorry. But I had to do what I had to do. And the wound will heal. "He said pointing to his stomach. I looked at the wound and sighed, " I wish

the Powers That Be could just erase the past couple days."

Angel looked at Kate, who looked down at the pile of ashes that used to be Penn, " I think we all wish that, Zoey"

Two nights later, Angel and I decided that we should check up on Kate. Angel knocked on the door, and Kate answered with a large decaying book in her hands.

"Kate," Angel said, "How are you."

"How am I? How am I? I'll tell you how I am. I did a little reading on our friend who's now a large pile of ashes. And I found a ton of interesting facts. Would you like to hear one?"

"No Kate. I wouldn't." Angel said.

"Well, I'll tell you anyway. The guy-he called you Angelus-right? Well, I did a little reading on you, Angelus.The vampire with the face of an angel. I also found out some facts on your sister too." She said pointing at me. "That you're some kind of profit to the Whatchers, and that you're supposed to fight the vampires-not become one."

Angel held his hands up,"Kate, look-"

"No, Angel, you look. Why didn't you tell me about your past? You just thought you could lie to me?"

"Kate, I can explain" Angel pleaded," Just invite me in."

"Here's some words I'm sure you've heard of'please','don't', and most importantly: No!"

And she slammed the door in our face.

End
file.